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BY THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LATE

LORD LYTTLETON. K

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M.DCC.LXXIII.

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THE CONTENTS.

	Page
THE Progress of Love: in four eclogues.	1
Soliloquy of a Beauty.	18
Blenheim.	21
Epistle to Dr. Ayscough.	27
Epistle to Mr. Poyntz.	33
Verses under Mr. Poyntz's picture.	37
Epistle to Mr. Pope.	38
Epistle to Lord * * *	41
Advice to a Lady.	44
Song.	49
Song.	50
Damon and Delia.	52
Ode in Imitation of Pastor Fido.	54
Part of an Elegy of Tibullus.	55
Song.	58
Verses written at Mr. Pope's.	59
Epigram.	60
To Mr. West, at Wickham.	60
To Miss Lucy F——.	61
To the same, with Hammond's Elegies.	61
To the same.	62
To the same.	63
A Prayer to Venus, in her Temple at Stowe.	64
To the same, on her pleading want of time.	65

CONTENTS.

To the same.	67
To the same.	68
To the same, with a new watch.	69
An irregular Ode writ at Wickham in 1746.	70
To the Memory of the same Lady: a Monody.	72
Verfes, making part of an Epitaph on the same Lady.	84

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F

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H

To th
Dod

67
68
69
70
72
me
84

THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
L O V E.
I N
FOUR ECLOGUES.

I.
UNCERTAINTY.

To Mr. POPE.

II.
H O P E.

To the Hon. GEORGE
DODDINGTON, Esq.

III.
J E A L O U S Y.

To ED. WALPOLE, Esq.

IV.
P O S S E S S I O N.

To the Right Hon. the
Lord Vis. COEHAM.

PROGRESS OF LOVE

TO THE READER

UNCERTAINTY. Eclogue I



To the green meadow of a lonely wood,
 Where radiant shades o'ershadow a silver flood,
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he lay;
 Till on the image of his beautiful maid
 With his own heart he felt a love's flame;
 The various changes of a lover's state;
 His most indulgent, then his very cruel
 To the fatal fountain, and the flowery plain;
 He fled with me to visit once again
 His warms wars, and youthful hearts the ring
 I now sublimely born on Homer's wing
 Wholly in Wharton's grove her lyre lay;
 While yet thy muse, content with humbler praise,
 The weight of I names & pleas & attention paid;
 To the whole need beneath the beechen shade.

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THE
PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN
FOUR ECLOGUES.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beechen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Tho' now sublimely born on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars, and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me re-visit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:

His flock far off, unfed, untended lay,
 To every savage a defenceless prey;
 No sense of int'rest could their master move,
 And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
 A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
 But tho' his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent,
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

Ye Nymphs he cry'd, ye Dryads, who so long
 Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
 For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
 Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
 In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
 Tho' wild ambition, and destructive rage
 No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
 Tho' envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 Nor calumny your innocence invades,
 Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,
 Too often violates your boasted rest;
 With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprize
 On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes;
 Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
 Then reason, liberty, at once were lost:
 And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
 But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
 Then too she smil'd: can smiles our peace destroy,
 Those lovely children of content and joy?

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

3

How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe,
 From the same spring at the same moment flow?
 Unhappy boy, these vain enquiries cease,
 Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace:
 Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
 And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
 Come, flatt'ring memory, and tell my heart
 How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
 She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
 Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
 If on the green we danc'd a mirthful band,
 To me alone she gave her willing hand;
 Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
 Still in my song found something to admire.
 By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
 By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
 The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
 The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
 When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
 In words as soft as passion could inspire,
 Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
 Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
 The frightened hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
 Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
 Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
 Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
 Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
 To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
 But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd!

Or did you only nurse my growing love,
 That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
 Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind:
 A maid brought up the woods and wilds among,
 Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
 No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
 Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun less fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

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H O P E.

E C L O G U E II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON.

HEAR, DODDINGTON, the notes that shepherds sing,
 Notes soft as those of nightingales in spring :
 Nor Pan, nor Phoebus tune the shepherd's reed ;
 From love alone our tender lays proceed ;
 Love warms our fancy with enlivening fires,
 Refines our genius, and our verse inspires :
 From him Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains ;
 Virgil by him was taught the moving art,
 That charm'd each ear, and soften'd every heart :
 O would'st thou quit the pride of courts, and deign
 To dwell with us upon the vocal plain,
 Thee too his power should reach, and every shade
 Resound the praises of thy fav'rite maid ;
 Thy pipe our rural concert would improve,
 And we should learn of thee to please and love.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
 But call'd the nymphs to hear his jocund song,
 And told his joy to all the rustic throng.

Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
 When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
 Then gloomy discontent and pining care
 Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there:
 Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
 Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
 Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
 These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
 There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
 She led the dance—heav'n's! with what grace she mov'd!
 Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
 I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 But glory'd in a happy captive's name;
 Nor would I now, could love permit, be free,
 But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

And art thou then, fond swain, secure of joy?
 Can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy!
 Has treacherous love no torment yet in store?
 Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
 Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
 Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
 Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
 The plaintive accents of thy sad despair?
 From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
 Who bids me hope; and in that charming word
 Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

Begin, my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
 A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;

A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
Given with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content :
No laureat wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows ;
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire :
I from her lips my recompence require.

Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flower of every sweet they drain :
See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep :
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
If with my fond desires my love comply ;
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms ?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold ;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the Fortunate Canaries name ;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not even the nightingale's melodious throat.
Accept of this ; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide ;
If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phoebus himself shall leave th'Aonian grove ;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain.

For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
 For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
 Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
 His music calls to dance the night away.
 And you, fair nymphs, companions of my Love,
 With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
 I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
 And let her often hear her shepherd's name;
 Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
 And shew my merits in the fairest light;
 My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 And ev'ry friend shall claim a different lay.

But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
 Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
 Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
 Adieu, my pipe, I go my love to meet—
 O may I find her as we parted last,
 And may each future hour be like the past!
 So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed.

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JEALOUSY.

ECLOGUE III.

TO

MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE Gods, O WALPOLE, give no bliss sincere :

Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear.

Of all the passions that employ the mind,

In gentle love the sweetest joys we find;

Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,

And blackens each fair image in our breasts.

O may the warmth of thy too tender heart

Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart;

For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,

And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,

In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head

(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)

Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress;

Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast—

The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields,

Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;

Thro' these a river rolls its winding flood,

Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;

Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
 A castle there the opening plain commands,
 Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound;
 So charming was the scene, awhile the swain
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
 But soon the stings infix'd within his heart,
 With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
 His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
 The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore:
 Then cry'd; May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
 Like these neglected roses droop and fade;
 May angry Heaven deform each guilty grace,
 That triumphs now in that deluding face;
 Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
 And even thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I.

Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
 To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
 Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
 Against whose power no ties have strength to bind:
 Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
 To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
 Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
 And dy'd with grief at each ungente word?
 Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease:
 He pleas'd you, by not studying to please:
 His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
 And had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

O pain to think, another shall possess
 Those balmy lips which I was wont to press:

Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!
 I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
 Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,
 Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
 Where'er they pass'd be blasted every flower,
 And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
 Ah wretched swain! could no examples move
 Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
 Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas * dy'd
 A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
 Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phoebus lov'd in vain:
 Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
 And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.
 Would I could die like him, and be at peace,
 These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
 There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
 And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
 No, let me live her falsehood to upbraid;
 Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 Alas! what aid, fond swain, wouldst thou receive?
 Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
 Protect her, Heaven, and let her never know
 The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
 I ask no vengeance from the powers above;
 All I implore is never more to love——

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast;
Wearied, at length I seek thy downy rest:
No turbulence of passion shall destroy
My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Sylvans hear,
What by your guardian deities I swear;
No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
No more I'll court the trait'refs to my arms;
Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And she shall find that Reason conquers Love.—

Scarce had he spoke, when thro' the lawn below
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
At once transported he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

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POSSESSION.

ECLOGUE IV.

TO

LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing ;
Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains,
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, [dear;
And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind :
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er,
And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar flood,
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league to favour human kind.
With wanton Cupids in that happy shade,
The gentle Virtues, and mild Wisdom play'd.
Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Int'rest, join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.

Thither with glad devotion Damon came,
 'To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame;
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
 Hail, bounteous god, before whose hallow'd shrine
 My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
 While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
 Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove:
 And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires,
 Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
 Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
 As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.

O the dear gloom of last propitious night!
 O shade more charming than the fairest light!
 Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
 Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
 Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
 Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
 Thou too, bright goddess, once in Ida's grove,
 Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love,
 With him while frisking lambs around you play'd,
 Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade;
 Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
 And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

What are you now, my once most valu'd joys,
 Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
 Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
 Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,
 Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;

Ye Nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the spring;
On all her days let health and peace attend;
May she ne'er want, nor ever lose a friend;
May some new pleasure every hour employ;
But let her Damon be her highest joy.

With thee, my Love, for ever will I stay,
All night caress thee, and admire all day;
In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
Together will we share the harvest toils,
Together press the vine's autumnal spoils,
Delightful state, where peace and love combine,
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
Here rising forests lift their verdant heads;
Here let me wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.

When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath;
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
And the same cypress both our ashes shade.
Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
And future ages with just envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

S O L I L O Q U Y

O F A

B E A U T Y I N T H E C O U N T R Y .

Written at Exon School.

'T WAS night; and FLAVIA to her room retir'd,
 With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
 There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town:
 On her rais'd arm declin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

- “ Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,
 “ To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 “ What worth have all the charms our pride can
 “ boast,
 “ If all in envious solitude are lost?
 “ Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 “ Where none are Beaus, 'tis vain to be a Belle:
 “ Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shewn;
 “ Both most are valu'd where they best are known.
 “ With every grace of nature, or of art,
 “ We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
 “ The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
 “ To love exceeds a 'Squire's capacity.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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- " The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
 - " That is our heaven, and we are angels There :
 - " In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
 - " The court of Britain is the court of Love.
 - " How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
 - " How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
 - " At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
 - " The homage due to empire, paid to me!
 - " When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
 - " And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
 - " When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
 - " Less jealous in their power, than in their love.
 - " Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
 - " Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;
 - " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 - " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 - " In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 - " Supinely calm, and dully innocent :
 - " Unblest I wear my useless time away;
 - " Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all
 - " day ;
 - " Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer;
 - " For dulness ever must be regular.
 - " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
 - " Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
 - " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 - " Secure from meeting any Tempter there :
 - " From books to work, from work to books I rove,
 - " And am (alas!) at leisure to improve!

- “ Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead ?
“ Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?
“ These fingers, at whose touch even age would glow,
“ Are these of use for nothing but to sew ?
“ Sure erring Nature never could design
“ To form a housewife in a mould like mine !
“ O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
“ Attend propitious to thy vot’ry’s prayer :
“ Let me revisit the dear town again :
“ Let me be seen !—could I that wish obtain,
“ All other wishes my own power would gain.”

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B L E N H E I M.

Writ at the University of Oxford in the
Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine,
Minerva, thee to my advent'rous lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing.
BLENHEMIA, monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! For thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, sylvan muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of MARLBROUGH's hand; Britain, who sent him forth
Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame;

A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
 Of that auspicious field, where CHURCHILL'S sword
 Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
 Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail happy chief, whose valour could deserve
 Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
 Who paidst his service with so rich a meed!
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
 The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
 Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt
 Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Caesar, blush,
 When thou behold'st these towers, ingrate, to thee
 A monument of shame. Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
 Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite, and know,
 Britain, like heaven protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the muse
 Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
 With ever new delight. The tap'stry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
 Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls

His purple wave; and there the Granic flood
With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Lies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd
MARLB'ROUGH and ALEXANDER vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune, but their praise
Is different, for with different views they fought;
This to *subdue*, and That to *free* mankind.

Now through the stately portals issuing forth,
The muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe, fam'd in song, or Ida's grove
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and love: the crystal fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of SPENCER, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excel.
But see where flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn! Silent a while, and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
It broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam

Glitters relucant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of CHURCHILL, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while BLENHEIM's dome
Triumphal, ever in his mind renew'd
The mem'ry of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
So by the rage of faction, home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the pow'r
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement past
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great MARLBRO' peaceful dwelt: indulgent heaven
Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of taste, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:
Like two fair stars with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, CHURCHILL first, the ruthless hand of death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence

To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardless of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo! where tow'ring on the height
Of yon ærial pillar proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles spread their wings, his hand
Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by th' Imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground:
Mean insult! this with better auspices
Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
How MARLBRO' fought, for whom, and how repaid
His services. Nor shall the constant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be

Of **BLENHEIM**, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching, shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With rev'rence due. Such honour does the muse
Obtain her fav'rites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
MARLBOROUGH! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame:
That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts,
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
And other **BLENHEIMS** shall adorn the land.

TO THE
REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH
at OXFORD.

Writ from Paris in the Year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty;
How the same hands that tyrants durst controul,
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue freedom could inspire;
Yet in her troubled states see all the woes,
And all the crimes that giddy faction knows;

Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tut'ress of protecting Rome?

Does calm philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—To benefit mankind?
 Not like a cloyster'd drone, to read and doze,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose;
 But reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
 Th'enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good * Wor'ter thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-rage;

* *Dr. Hough.*

He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
 Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
 guide. }

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
 To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine!
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
 Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
 Not basely servile court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.
 The priest, who plagues the world, can never mend:
 No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
 The useful science of the world to know,
 Which books can never teach, or pedants shew.

A nation here I pity, and admire,
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
 Yet taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,
 To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
 Whose nobles born to cringe, and to command,
 In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;

From each low tool of power content receive
 Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
 Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,
 Tho' plunder'd, gay; industrious, tho' oppress'd;
 With happy follies rise above their fate,
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the muses deign'd a while to sport
 In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court:
 Here Boileau strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
 Who from the antients, like the antients writ;
 Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
 By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame.
 Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
 By keen, yet decent satire skill'd to please,
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
 Now charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspir'd
 Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire;
 Now sweet Racine with milder influence move
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
 Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects store,
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor;
 Where even mute walls are taught to flatter state,
 And painted triumphs stile ambition GREAT.*

* The victories of Louis XIV painted in the galleries of Versailles.

With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew ‡:
 Where, sick of glory, faction, power and pride,
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had try'd)
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury *;
 Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour,
 In the wild riot of unbounded power;
 Where feverish debauch and impious love
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
 Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
 From present joys to dearer left behind:

O native isle, fair freedom's happiest seat!
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat;
 At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
 And all my country on my soul returns.
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
 No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
 When kiss with pious love the sacred earth,
 That gave a BURLEIGH, or a RUSSEL birth?
 When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
 Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,

‡ Chantilly.

* St. Cloud.

Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see;
And tells me, These, like England, once were Free.

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M R. P O Y N T Z,

AMBASSADOR at the CONGRESS of
SOISSONS, in the year 1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toils of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling heaven decreed,
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.
Not him I praise, who from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;

Who fears bright glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But blest is he, who exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears?
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies labour won.
Him honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
Friendship and truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When peace restor'd shall on her downy wing
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness;
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet tho' thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Tho' wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul;
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;

The point to which our sweetest passions move,
Is to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
Friend to our health, and author of our rest,
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
Even while I write, the name of love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And nature in her rural works admire;
Tho' grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever gay desire;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known.
Thy soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd;
And therefore long thou can'st not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th'inspiring muses bid me tell,
For heaven shall ratify what they reveal.
A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd;

Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
 Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
 Thy greatness she, or thy retreat shall share,
 Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care:
 Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
 And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
 Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
 That happiness is near ally'd to love.

To

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V E R S E S

To be written under a PICTURE of

M R. P O Y N T Z.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz ! but who shall find
A hand, or colours to express thy mind ?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere ;
Wise without art ; without ambition great ;
Tho' firm, yet pliant ; active, tho' sedate ;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught ;
Yet better still by native prudence taught ;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel ;
That, when misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe ;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause ;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

D

†

A N

E P I S T L E

T O M R. P O P E.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th'Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of antient wit;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
 From tyrants, and from priests the muses fly,
 Daughters of reason and of liberty:
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincius rove;
 To 'Thames's flowery borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign,

No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Not that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her antient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich stream supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise;
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear:

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I give my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the throne of wit,
 Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 No more let meaner satire dim the rays
 That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
 In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
 Nor when each soft engaging muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting column to thy country's praise;
 To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
 That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
 Where science in the arms of peace is laid,
 And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
 Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
 With different bays by Mars and Phoebus crown'd;
 Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
 But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
 And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
 Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,
 And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.

TO
MY LORD

In the year 1730

From Worcestershire.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene Vivere: quod petis hic est;
Est Ulubris, Animus si te non deficit aequus.*

HORACE.

FAV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful nine,
Pollio, by nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
Who after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?

'Tis not to view the well proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies:
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;

Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire;
 But in its proper channels gliding fair;
 A common benefit, which all may share.
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search
 is vain.

So idle, yet so restless are our minds,
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds,
 Through various toils to seek content we roam,
 Which with but *thinking right* were our's at home.
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.
 The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove
 Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, that from our passions flow,
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
 Or how can aught but powerful reason cure,
 What from unthinking folly we endure?
 Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
 In gen'rous love of others good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;

To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear.
 This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
 This was the sovereign good they justly fought;
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of philosophy:
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,
 But in the palace of Augustus knew
 The same unerring maxims to pursue,
 Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
 His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
 View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
 Undazzled every glitt'ring folly see
 And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
 In its own center keep your steady mind;
 Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind;
 In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
 But be a country-gentleman at heart.

A D V I C E

TO

A L A D Y. 1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
 Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
 What female vanity might fear to know;
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
 But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
 Women, like princes, find few real friends:
 All who approach them their own ends pursue:
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
 Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
 Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd power amus'd,
 When most you tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair:
 For this the toilet every thought employs,
 Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
 And each instructed feature has its rule;

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And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heaven?
How few with all their pride of form can move?
How few are lovely, that were made for love?
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts;
For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
A CUNNING WOMAN is a KNAVISH FOOL.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
Without, all beauty, and all peace, within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form:
Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;

Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man ambition's task resign:
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd:
With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame,
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong* is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain;
Short is the period of insulting power;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;

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For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief;
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice fall a prey:
Nor ought avails the specious name of WIFE;
A maid so wedded, is a WHORE FOR LIFE.

Even in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
Has equal love, and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost:

The *graces* might *alone* his heart *allure*;
 They and the *virtues* meeting must *secure*.

Let even your *prudence* wear the *pleasing* dress
 Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderneſs*.
 From kind concern about his weal, or woe,
 Let each domestic duty ſeem to flow;
 The HOUSEHOLD SCEPTRE if he bids you bear,
 Make it your pride his *ſervant* to appear:
 Endearing thus the common acts of life,
 The *miſtreſs* ſtill ſhall charm him in the *wife*;
 And wrinkled age ſhall unobſerv'd come on,
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
 Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-facred urn,
 His conſtant flame ſhall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
 And form your heart to all the arts of love:
 The taſk were harder to ſecure my own
 Againſt the power of thoſe already known:
 For well you twiſt the ſecret chains that bind
 With gentle force the captivated mind,
 Skill'd every ſoft attraction to employ,
 Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy;
 I own your genius, and from you receive
 The rules of pleaſing, which to you I give.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
would approach, but dare not move;—
tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
to other voice but her's can hear,
to other wit but her's approve;—
tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

III.

When she some other youth commend,
though I was once his fondest friend,
his instant enemy I prove;—
tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
delight in all that pleas'd before,
the clearest spring, or shadyest grove;—
tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

V.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
er nets she spread for every swain,
strove to hate, but vainly strove;—
tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

E

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1733.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me ;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long ?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue ?

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same ?
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame ?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

V.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove ;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love ;

VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring blifs,
To die and think you mine.

E 2

DAMON AND DELIA.

In Imitation of HORACE and LYDIA.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly :
 What means this cloud upon your brow ?
 Have I offended ? tell me how ?
 Some change has happen'd in your heart,
 Some rival there has stolen a part ;
 Reason these fears may disapprove :
 But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First, tell me, Damon, why to day
 At Belvidera's feet you lay ?
 Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
 And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
 As if you meant to let me see
 Your flattery is not all for me ?
 Alas ! too well your sex I knew,
 Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind ! my falsehood to upbraid,
 When your own orders I obey'd ;

I A. You bid me try by this deceit
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide beneath another name
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Y DIA Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the lover's part you play'd;
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah, cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Tho' well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just;
Reason this faith may disapprove,
But I believe, because I love.

P O E M S O N
O D E,

In Imitation of PASTOR FIDO.

[O Primavera Gioventu del Anno.]

Written abroad in 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful spring,
At whose approach inspir'd with equal fires,
The am'rous nightingale and poet sing :

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possess'd ;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance, that I once was bless'd.

III.

Thy faded charms, which winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine ;
But ah ! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,
Tho' on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear,
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint ; for Delia is not there.

V.

Chearless and cold I feel the genial sun,
From thee while absent I in exile rove ;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

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Part of an ELEGY of TIBULLUS
translated.

(Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat Auro.)

1719-30.

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
And much possessing, labour still for more;
Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
Aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure and indolently blest;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid, or lamb that wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay,
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
Shelter'd and warm, the tempest whistling near;
And while my charmer in my arms I strain,
Slumber assisted by the beating rain!

Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves
 In search of wealth the black tempestuous waves!
 While I, contented with my little store,
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
 But idly lolling on some shady seat,
 Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat;
 For what reward so rich could fortune give
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
 Let great Messala shine in martial toils,
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
 Me beauty holds in strong, tho' gentle chains,
 Far from tumultuous war, and dusty plains.
 With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
 How would I slight ambition's painful praise!
 How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
 The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
 On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
 How downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair one's side,
 Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
 Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
 Tho' murmur'ing rills invite him to repose.
 Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
 For all the honours prosp'rous War can give;
 Tho' thro' the vanquish'd East he spread his fame,
 And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
 Tho' bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
 With martial pride he press'd his foaming steed.
 No pomps like these my humble vows require;
 I ask, in thy embraces to expire:

Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia, then thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
With thee each youth and tender maid shall join
In grief, and mix their friendly sighs with thine:
But ah! my Delia, I conjure thee spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair:
Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now nor death, nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia, and from life remove
All care, all bus'ness, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give:
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
This hour is love's—Be fortune's all the rest.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

SAY, MYRA, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

II.

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest:
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

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Writ at Mr. POPE's House at Twicken-
ham, which he had lent to

MRS. G — — — — L L E.

In August 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery side :

II.

Thy flowery side, where POPE has plac'd
The Muses green retreat,
With every smile of nature grac'd,
With every art compleat.

III.

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more ;
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still for beauteous G——lle's sake,
The Muses here remain ;
G——lle, whose eyes have power to make
A POPE of every swain.

E P I G R A M.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

T O

M R. , W E S T,

At Wickham.

Written in the Year 1740.

FAIR nature's sweet simplicity
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.
To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

69

TO
MISS LUCY F-----.

ONCE by the muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my amorous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid deceiv'd
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now to punish me,
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aëonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME,
WITH
HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of love can be express'd
In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

F

†

T O T H E S A M E.

TO him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live ;
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh! come with all thy heavenly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

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T O T H E S A M E.

I.

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
Last night the secret casket I explor'd;
Where all the letters of my absent fair,
(His richest treasure) careful love had stor'd:

II.

In every word a magic spell I found
Of power to charm each busy thought to rest,
Though every word encreas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid:
My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

V.

Not one kind word shall in my power remain
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart should break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS

IN HER

TEMPLE AT STOWE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

FAIR VENUS, whose delightful shrine surveys
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,
 These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
 No other wish, nor other object knows,
 Oh! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose.

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
 Love's surest Fort, and I will doubt no more.

T O
T H E S A M E.

On her pleading Want of TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
Even when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet
Beneath th'accustomed lyme;
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

III.

It was not thus, inconstant maid,
You acted once (the shepherd said)
"When love was in its prime:"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And would have writ to ease his pain,
But that she had not time,

IV.

How can you act so cold a part?

No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,

If love be not a crime.——

We soon must part for months, for years——

She would have answer'd with her tears,

But that she had not time.

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

61

TO

T H E S A M E.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole
With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul?
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that love alone inspires,
These, these are lost; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
I ought, but dare not, try to love you less;
Weakly I grieve, unpity'd I complain;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

T O

T H E S A M E.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before,
I say to my heart, "Be at rest, and believe
"That whom once she has chosen she never will
"leave."

II.

But ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

TO

THE SAME

WITH A

NEW WATCH.

WITH me, while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow,
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

A N

I R R E G U L A R O D E

Writ at WICKHAM in 1746.

T O T H E S A M E.

I.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
 Ye gentle shades of Wickham say,
 What is the charm that each successive year,
 Which sees me with my Lucy here.
 Can thus to my transported heart,
 A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath that blows
 From the fair jess'mine, and the blushing rose?
 Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
 Of rural bliss was here before:
 Oft have I met her on the verdant side
 Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
 Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
 Array'd in all her flowery pride.
 No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
 No brighter colours paint th' enamell'd field.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

71

III.

it to Love these new delights I owe ?

Four times has the revolving fun

his annual circle thro' the zodiac run ;

Since all that Love's indulgent power

On favour'd mortals can bestow,

Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

IV.

ere first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms

Was yielded to my longing arms ;

And round our nuptial bed,

covering with purple wings, th'Idalian boy

hook from his radiant torch the blissful fires

Of innocent desires,

While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.

Whence then this strange increase of joy ?

He, only he can tell, who match'd like me,

If such another happy man there be)

Has by his own experience tried

How much *the Wife*, is dearer than *the Bride*.

TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE
S A M E L A D Y.
A M O N O D Y. A. D. 1747.

*Ipse cava solans aegrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

I.
A T length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief,
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine.
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

What would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice,
Or her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Larks and linnets now resume your song,
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell,
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground

My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of H——y, where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flower-embroider'd vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly;
 With nature there retir'd, and nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest, and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal, and the maternal love.

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VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns

By your delighted mother's side,

Who now your infant steps shall guide?

Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care

To every virtue would have form'd your youth,

And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father, left alone

To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!

How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,

And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,

Perform the duties that you doubly owe,

Now she, alas! is gone,

From folly and from vice, their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate

From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,

From these fond arms that vainly strove

With hapless ineffectual love

To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?

Could not your fav'ring power, Aonian maids,

Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,

For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,

Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,

You open'd all your sacred store,

Whate'er your antient sages taught,

Your antient bards sublimely thought,

And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus, or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on * Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where through hanging woods
 Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where || Meles, or § Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome?

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of VIRGIL.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of PROPERTIUS.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where HORACE had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HOMER, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melisigenes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

And all that in her later days

To emulate her antient praise

Italia's happy genius could produce;

Or what the Gallic fire

Bright sparkling could inspire,

By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;

Or what in Britain's Isle,

Most favour'd with your smile,

The powers of reason and of fancy join'd

To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?

Ah! what is now the use

Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,

To blank oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name

'Tis yours from death to save,

And in the temple of immortal fame

With golden characters her worth engrave.

Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,

And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb.

But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,

With accents sweet and sad,

Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn

Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,

O come, and to this fairer Laura pay

A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face

Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace!

G 3

How eloquent in every look
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
 Tell her how manners by the world refin'd
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence;
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness:
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others good destroy,
 Her kindly melting heart,
 To every want, and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow;
 Even for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.
 Not only good, and kind;
 But strong and elevated was her mind:
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile, or frown;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or int'rest, or ambition's highest prize;

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

79

That injur'd or offended never try'd
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,

But by magnanimous disdain,

A wit, that temperately bright,

With inoffensive light

All pleasing shone, nor ever past

The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,

And sweet Benevolence's mild command,

And bashful Modesty, before it cast

A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,

That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,

That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,

And without weakness knew to be sincere.

Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,

Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom

Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,

In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,

When now the wintry tempests all are fled,

And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,

The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head :

From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,

On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;

With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,

The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Italian queen :

But in the midst of all its blooming pride

A sudden blast from Apenninus blows

Cold with perpetual snows :

The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and
dies.

XIV

Arise, O Petrarch, from th'Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may even things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

827

Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd, and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?
Even the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unhar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could
raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend,
Your kind assistance lend
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,

Are now with your idea sadden'd all :
 Each fav'rite author we together read
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of *Lucy*
 dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind !
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again,
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain ;
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :
 Our studies, pleasures, tastes the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke !—
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade
 Was his most righteous will, and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure, exalted soul

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

83

Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise;

Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees

How frail, how insecure, how slight
Is ever mortal bliss;

Even love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,

Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sov'reign Good ascend.

Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.

There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power e'er to divide you more.

V E R S E S,

MAKING PART OF AN

E P I T A P H



ON THE

S A M E L A D Y.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
 Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her Speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her Song the warbling of the vernal grove;
 Her Eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her Reason strong;
 Her Form each beauty of her Mind express'd,
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

T H E E N D.

P O E M S

BY

MR. GRAY.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS,

PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY,

M.DCC.LXXIII.



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C O N T E N T S.

	Page
Ode on the Spring	1
Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, who was drowned in a vase of gold fishes	4
Ode on a distant prospect of Eton-College	6
Ode to Adversity	11
The Progress of Poesy; a Pindaric Ode	14
The Bard; a Pindaric Ode	22
The Fatal Sisters, from the Norse tongue	32
The Descent of Odin, from the Norse tongue	38
The Triumphs of Owen. A fragment. From the Welch	43
Elegy written in a Country Church-yard	45
The Epitaph	51
Ode to Music	52

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P O E M S

O D E

O N T H E

S P R I N G

I.

O! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours
Or Venus' train appear,
Close the long-expecting flower,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:

While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
The Zephyrs, through the clear blue sky,
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

II.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch,
Or broader browner shade,
Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech

Canopies the glade: *
Or some water's rushy brink, †
Let me the Muse shall sit, and think.

While insects from the bank †
Canopied with luscious woodbine —

Shake spear's Midsummer night's Dream.

2 ON THE SPRING.

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)

How vain the ardor of the croud,
How low, how indigent, the proud,
How little are the great.

III.

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun.†

IV.

To Contemplation's sober eye‡
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,

* Nare per aestatem liquidam—Virg. Geor. lib. 2.

† —sporting with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats drop'd with gold.

Milton's Paradise Lost, book 1.

‡ While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. Green in the Grotto

Doddsley's Miscellanies, vol. 5. p. 160.

in Fortune's varying colours drest;
 crush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 or chill'd by Age, their airy dance—
 they leave, in dust to rest.

V.

It thinks I hear, in accent low,
 the sportive kind reply;
 poor Moralist! and what art thou!

A solitary fly!

thy joys no glittering female meets,
 to hive hast thou of hoarded sweets;
 no painted plumage to display;
 no hasty wings thy youth is flown;
 thy fun is set, thy spring is gone—
 No frolick, while 'tis May.

A.

ON
THE DEATH
OF A
FAVOURITE CAT.

I.
'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

II.
Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
The coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

III.
Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide
Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view,
Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapless nymph, with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish ?

V.

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between ;
(Malignant Fate fate by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd ;
She tumbled headlong in.

VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood ;
She mew'd to every watery God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stir'd,
No cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A favourite has no friend.

VII.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

O D E
VI
O N
A DISTANT PROSPECT

O F
ETON-COLLEGE.

ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ΊΚΑΝΗ ΠΡΟΦΑΣΙΕ ΕΙΣ ΤΟ
ΔΤΣΤΤΧΕΙΝ. MENANDER.

L

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade :
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windfor's heights th'expansive below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

H.

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields, belov'd in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !

* King Henry VI. founder of the College.

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,*
To breathe a second spring.

III.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

IV.

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply,
Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare defy;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.
Dryd. Fab. on the Pyth. Phil. from Ovid.

8 PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

V.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sun-shine of the breast.
 Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
 Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
 And lively Chear of Vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

VI.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day.
 Yet see, how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!
 Ah, show them they are men!

VII.

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame, that skulks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth;
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,

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PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

VIII.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falshood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild *
Amidst severest woe.

IX.

Lo, in the vale of Years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen!
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age!

* And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

10 PROSPECT OF ETON-COLLEGE.

X.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan;
 The tender, for another's pain;
 Th'unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah! why should they know their fate!
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more——where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

A

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ΕΛΦΟΝΕΙΝ ΤΠΟ ΣΤΕΝΟΤ.

ÆSCH. IN EUM.

I. VI

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Sound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs, unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

II. V

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant-mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

III.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy;
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse; and with them go
 The summer-friend, the flattering foe;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

IV. I

Wisdom, in ~~sublimity~~ array'd,
 Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend;
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice to herself severe,
 And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

V. II

O gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand;
 Not in thy Gorgon-terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

VI.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart;
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

B

THE
P R O G R E S S
OF
P O E S Y;

A P I N D A R I C O D E.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΤΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ' ΕΞ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ. — PINDAR. OLYMP. II

I. I.

AWAKE, Aeolian lyre, awake,*
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

* Awake, my glory, awake, lute and harp.

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments,

Αἰολῆς μολπή, Αἰόλιες χορδαί, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν
Aeolian song, Aeolian strings, the breath of the
Aeolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united: the various sources of Poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described

THE PROGRESS OF POESY. 15

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance, as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rowling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
 The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,*
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war
 Was curb'd the fury of his car,
 And drop'd his thirsty lance, at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand †

as well in its quiet majestic progress, enriching
 every subject, otherwise dry and barren, with all the
 pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers;
 in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swollen
 and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous pas-
 sions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passi-
 ons of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the
 first Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines
 the same ode.

B 2

16 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,*
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.†
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where-e'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move.
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† Μαμαρυγὰς θνήτο ποδῶν θαυμάζε δὲ θυμῷ.

Hom. Od. 9.

‡ Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρίῃσι

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II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await,*
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar †
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road, ‡

Παρεῖ φῶς ἔρωτος.

Phrynichus, apud Athenaeum.

* To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given us by the same Providence, that sends the day, by its chearful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
 Come marching up the eastern hill afar.

Cowley.

‡ Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.

See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welch fragments, the Lapland and American songs, etc.

Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom,*
 To cheer the shivering natives dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly-sweet,
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,*
 Isles, that crown th'Egean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Meander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,

Extra anni solisque vias ——— Virgil.

Tutta lontana dal camin del sole ———

Petrarch. Canz. 3. 2.

* Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY. 39

How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of Tyrant-Power,
And Coward-Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They fought, oh Albion, next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,*
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd:
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime †
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,

* Shakespear.

† Milton.

20 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

The secrets of th' abyfs to spy.
 He pafs'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time : *
 The living throne, the saphire-blaze, †
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night. ‡
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of etherial race, §
 With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding
 pace. ||

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre-explore!
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. ¶

* — flammantia moenia mundi. Lucret.

† For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—and above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone—this was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. Ezek. I. 20, 26, 28.

‡ Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερσε, δίδυ δ' ἠδ' ἔσαν αἰσδὼν.

Hom. Odyss.

§ Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

|| Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Job.

¶ Words that weep, and tears that speak. Cowley.

T
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 O Lyre
 Wakes
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But ah ! 'tis heard no more—— *
 O Lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear,†
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant-eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

* We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day : for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, stile, and harmony for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses ; above all in the last of Caractacus,

Hark ! heard you not yon footstep dread ? etc.

† *Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θῆον.* Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens, that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

T H E
B A R D,
A PINDARIC ODE.

The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. I.

‘ R U I N seize thee, ruthless King!
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
‘ Though fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
‘ They mock the air with idle state! *
‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s † twisted mail,
‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’
Such were the sounds, that o’er the crested pride ‡
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s § shaggy side
He wound, with toilsome march, his long array.

* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakespeare, K. John.

‡ The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets or links interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to all its motions.

† The crested adder’s pride. Dryd. Ind. Queen.

§ S N O W D O N was a name given by the Saxons to

Stout G
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Paris.

Stout Glo'ster † stood aghast in speechless trance;
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering
lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the fable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair †

that mountainous tract, which the Welch themselves call Craigian-Eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle built there by K. Edward the first, says, 'Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;' and Matthew of Westminster (ad ann. 1283) 'Apud Aberconway, "ad pedes montis Snowdoniae" fecit erigi castrum forte.'

‡ Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to K. Edward. Edmond de Mortimer Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

† The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphaël, representing the supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air) §
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

- * Hark how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
- * Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
- * O'er thee oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
- * Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
- * Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
- * To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

- * Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
- * That hush'd the stormy main:
- * Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
- * Mountains, ye mourn in vain
- * Modred, whose magic song
- * Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
- * On dreary Arvon's * shore they lie,
- * Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
- * Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
- * The famish'd eagle || screams, and passes by.

§ Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

Milton's P. Lost.

* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

|| Cambden and others observe, that eagles use annually to build their eyry among the Rocks of Snowdon, which from thence as many think, were named by the Welch 'Craigian-Eryri,' that is, 'the crag

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Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,*
 Ye died, amidst your dying country's cries——
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit: they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land:
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line. †

II. 1.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
 Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright ‡

of the eagles.' At this day, as I am told, the highest point of Snowdon is called 'The Eagle's Nest'. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.

* As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. Shakesp. Julius Caesar.
 † See the Norwegian ode that follows.
 ‡ Edward II. cruelly murdered in Berkley-castle.

" The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs that
 " ring,
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King!
 " She-wolf of France, † with unrelenting fangs
 " That tear'd the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs ‡
 " The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him
 " wait!
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies! *
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the sable warrior fled? §
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 " The swarm, that in thy noon tide beam were born
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 " Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,

† Isabel of France his adulterous Queen.

‡ Triumphs of Edward III. in France.

* Death of that King abandon'd by his children
and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers
and his mistresses.

§ Edward the Black Prince, dead sometime before
his father.

|| Magnificence of Richard II.'s reign. See Froissart,
and other contemporary writers.

“ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
 “ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 “ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 “ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwinds sway,
 “ That, hush’d in grim Repose, expects his evening-
 “ prey.

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,*
 “ The rich repast prepare,
 “ Rest of a crown he yet may share the feast:
 “ Close by the regal chair
 “ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 “ A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 “ Heard ye the din of battle bray, †
 “ Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 “ Long years of havock urge their destin’d course,
 “ And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 “ Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame, ‡

* Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

‡ Henry VI. George Duke of Clarence, Edward V. and Richard Duke of York, believed to have been secretly murdered in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar.

- " With many a foul and midnight murthier fed,
 " Revere his consort's faith, || his father's fame,
 " And spare the meek usurper's holy head. §
 " Above, below, the rose of snow,*
 " Twined with her blushing foe, we spread;
 " The bristled boar, † in infant-gore,
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

- " Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 " Half of thy heart we consecrate. †
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 " Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn.

|| Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown. Henry V.

§ Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

* The White and Red Roses, devices of the two branches of York and Lancaster.

† The silver Boar was the badge of Richard III. whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

‡ Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments

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In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, croud not on my soul!
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.*
 All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

Girt with many a Baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 And gorgeous Dames; and Statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst, a form divine!
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face, †
 Attempt'd sweet to virgin-grace.

of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to
 be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and
 in several other places.

* Accession of the line of Tudor. It was the com-
 mon belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur
 was still alive in Fairyland, and should return again
 to reign over Britain. Both Merlin and Talieffin had
 prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sove-
 reignty over this island; which seemed to be accom-
 plished in the house of Tudor.

† Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Eli-
 zabeth to Paul Dizianlinski ambassador of Poland,

- ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air!†
- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin,* hear;
- ‘ They breath a soul to animate thy clay.
- ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
- ‘ Waves in the eye of heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
- ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,†
- ‘ And Truth severe by fairy Fiction dress’d.
- ‘ In buskin’d measures move ‡
- ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
- ‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
- ‘ A voice, as of the cherub-choir, §
- ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
- ‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear; ||

says, “ And thus she lion-like rising daunted the ma-
 “ lapert orator no less with her stately port and ma-
 “ jestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her
 “ princelie checkes.”

* Talieffin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the
 sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his
 memory held in high veneration among his country-
 men.

† Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my
 song. Spencer’s Proëme to the Fairy Queen.

‡ Shakespear.

§ Milton.

|| The succession of poets after Milton’s time.

' That lost in long futurity expire.
' Fond impious man, think 'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
' Enough for me: with joy I see
' The different doom our fates assign.
' Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
' To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide, he plung'd to endless night.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author once had thoughts, in concert with a friend, of giving A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY: in the introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the stile, that reigned in antient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors. The following three imitations made a part of them.

He has long since drop'd his design; especially after he heard, that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

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THE FATAL SISTERS,*

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

IN the eleventh century, Sigurd Earl of the Orkney islands went, with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of Sigtryg with the silken beard, who was making war on his father-in-law Brian King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sigtryg was in danger of a total defeat: but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian their King, who fell in the action.

On Christmas-day (the day of the battle) a native of Caithness in Scotland saw, at a distance, a number of persons, on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them; till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employ'd about a loom, and, as they ~~wove~~, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and each taking her portion, gallop'd six to the north, and as many to the south.

* The VALKYRIUR were female divinities, servants of Odin, or Woden, in the Gothic mythology: their name signifies 'Chusers of the slain.' They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their

VITT ER ORPIT

FYRIR VALFALLI — *

I.

NOW the storm begins to lower :

(Haste, the loom of hell prepare)

Iron fleet of arrowy shower †

Hurtles in the darken'd air. ‡

II.

Glittering lances are the loom,

Where the dusky warp we strain,

Weaving many a soldier's doom,

Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

III.

See the grievly texture grow !

'Tis of human entrails made.

And the weights, that play below,

Each a gasping warrior's head.

hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destin'd to slaughter, and conducted them to Valhalla (the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave) where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* From the *Orcades of Thormodus Torfaeus.*

Hafniae 1697. Fol.

† How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy shower — Milton's *Par. Re.*

‡ The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

Shakespear's *Julius Caesar.*

Shafts,
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IV.

Shafts, for shuttles, dip'd in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along!
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong!

V.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join the waiward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

VI.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

VII.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

VIII.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

IX.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

X.

They, whom once the desert-beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch
 O'er the plenty of the plain.

XI.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
 Gored with many a gaping wound.
 Fate demands a nobler head;
 Soon a King shall bite the ground.

XII.

Long his loss shall Eirin * weep,
 Ne'er again his likeness see;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep,
 Strains of immortality!

XIII.

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
 Sisters, weave the web of death.
 Sisters, cease. The work is done.

XIV.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
 Songs of joy and triumph sing;
 Joy, to the victorious bands,
 Triumph, to the younger King.

* Ireland.

Mortal,
 Learn t
 Scotlan
 Far and

Sisters,
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 Each be
 Hurry, I

XV.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

XVI.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thundering falchion wield,
Each bestride her fable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

THE
DESCENT
OF
ODIN,
FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

UPREIS ODINN

ALLDA GAUTR——*

UP rose the King of men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed.
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's † drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.

* From Bartholinus, *De causis contemnendae mortis*. Hafniae 1689. 4to.

† NIFLHEIMER was the hell of the Gothic nations, and consisted of nine worlds, to which were consigned all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle; over it presided HELA the Goddess of death.

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Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
 And long pursues with fruitless yell
 The father of the powerful spell.
 Onward still his way he takes
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he sat,
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic Maid.
 Facing to the northern clime,
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme,
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead:
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
 To break the quiet of the tomb?
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night?
 Long on these mouldering bones have beat
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain.
 Let me, let me sleep again.
 Who is he, with voice unblest,
 That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son;
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the sons of heaven.
Unwilling I my lips unclofe.
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate.

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom,
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I clofe.
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,

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THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

41

Who the avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close.
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me, whence their sorrows rose.
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou.
King of men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

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No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood.

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PROPHETESS.

Hie the hence, and boast at home,
 That never shall enquirer come:
 To break my iron-sleep again;
 Till Lok * has burst his tenfold chains.
 Never, till substantial Night
 Has reassum'd her antient right;
 Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
 Sinks the fabric of the world.

* Lok is the Evil Being who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches, when he shall break his confinement; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred Gods shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet in his curious introduction to the history of Denmark. 1755. 4to.

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THE
T R I U M P H S

O F

O W E N.*

A FRAGMENT, FROM THE WELCH.†

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong,
Fairest flower of Rod'rick's stem,
Gwyneth's ‡ shield, and Britain's gem,
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name;
Squadrons three against him came :
This the force of Eirin || hiding :
Side by side, as proudly riding,

* Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near 40 years afterwards.

† From Mr. Evans's specimens of the Welch poetry. Lond. 1764. 4to.

‡ North Wales.

|| Ireland.

44 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

On her shadow, long and gay,
Lochlin * plows the watry way.
There the Norman fails afar;
Catch the winds, and join the war.
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son † of Mōna stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby-crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talmalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death. *****

* Denmark.

† The dragon son] The red dragon is the device of
Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their
banner.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,*
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower
Molest her antique, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

* ——— the knell of parting day,]

————— squilla di lontano.
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante. Purgat. l. 8.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
 The path of glory leads but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

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Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbid : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray :
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deckt,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th'unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

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On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.*

For thee, who, mindful of th'unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate;

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

* Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.]
 Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
 Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi
 Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville. Pet. son. 169.

50 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

“ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
“ Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
“ Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
“ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him born.
“ Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
“ Grav’d on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn.”

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THE
E P I T A P H.

HERE RESTS HIS HEAD UPON THE LAP OF EARTH
A YOUTH, TO FORTUNE AND TO FAME UNKNOWN:
FAIR SCIENCE FROWN'D NOT ON HIS HUMBLE BIRTH,
AND MELANCHOLY MARK'D HIM FOR HER OWN.

LARGE WAS HIS BOUNTY, AND HIS SOUL SINCERE;
HEAVEN DID A RECOMPENCE AS LARGELY SEND:
HE GAVE TO MISERY ALL HE HAD, A TEAR;
HE GAIN'D FROM HEAVEN ('T WAS ALL HE WISH'D)
A FRIEND.

NO FARTHER SEEK HIS MERITS TO DISCLOSE,
OR DRAW HIS FRAILTIES FROM THEIR DREAD ABODE,
(THERE THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE,)*
THE BOSOM OF HIS FATHER AND HIS GOD.

* (There they alike in trembling hope repose)]

-----paventofa speme

Petr. Son. 114.

O D E
T O
M U S I C.

Performed in the Senate-house in CAMBRIDGE, July
1st, 1769, at the Installation of AUGUSTUS HENRY
Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

Set by Dr. RANDALL, Music Professor.

A I R.

HENCE! avaunt! 'tis holy ground;
Comus and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry prophane,
Servitude that hugs her chain;
Nor, in the consecrated bowers,
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in flowers.

C H O R U S.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
Dare the Muses walk to stain:
While bright-ey'd Science walks around,
Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground.

R E C I T A T I V E.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay!

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There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,
 The few whom Genius gave to shine
 Thro' every unborn age, and undiscovered clime;
 Rapt in celestial transport they:
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy,
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul
 First the genuine ardor stole;
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
 And as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

A I R.

" Ye brown o'er-arching groves
 " That Contemplation loves,
 " Where willow Camus lingers with delight,
 " Oft at blush of dawn
 " I've trod your level lawn,
 " Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia's silver light,
 " In cloysters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 " With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melan-
 " choly."

R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High potentates and dames of royal birth
 And mitred fathers in long order go;
 Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gaißa torn;
 And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn

That wept her bleeding love; and princely Clare;
 And Anjou's heroine; and the paler rose,
 The rival of her crown and of her woes;
 And either Henry there,
 The murder'd faint, and the majestic lord
 That broke the bonds of Rome.
 Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions move no more,
 Save charity that glows beyond the tomb.

[Accompanied.]

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade their awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies.

Q U A R T E T T O.

What is grandeur? What is power?
 Heavier toil! Superior pain!
 What the bright reward of gain?
 The grateful memory of the good:
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 The bees collected treasure sweet;
 Sweet music's fall,—but sweeter yet
 The still small voice of gratitude!

R E C I T A T I V E.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
 The venerable Margaret see—
 Welcome, my noble son, she cries aloud,
 To this thy kindred train, and me,

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Pleas'd in thy lineaments to trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace!

A I R.

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heaven's altar shed
The fragrance of its blushing head,
Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
To glitter on the diadem!

R E C I T A T I V E.

Lo Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive she;
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings,
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind;
For she reveres herself and thee!
With modest pride, to grace thy youthful brow
The laureat wreaths that Cecil wore she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand
Submits the fasces of her sway,
Whilst spirits blest above, and men below,
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye, and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep;
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore,
The star of Brunswick shines serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.

T H E E N D.

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 And Anjou's heroine; and the paler rose,
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 The grateful memory of the good:
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RECITATIVE.

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 To this thy kindred train, and me,

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T H E E N D.



